



CHRIST CRUCIFIED



field notes from the edge of the world

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2023–2026

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A NOTE ON THIS DOCUMENT

Everything in this document is drawn from Boyd Camak's blog (boydcamak.wordpress.com), voice dictations, and field notes, 2023–2026. It is not a ten-point roadmap. It contains no branding and no affiliate links. It is what it is: vendor verbal vomit that the Holy Spirit sometimes uses to scrape the mud off our eyes. All material is free. Take it. Share it. Print it. Leave it on a bus seat.

I

**THE HUMAN CONDITION IS A CLUSTER
FUCK**

Start here. Start with honesty.

I was born into a wounded world. Upon birth I myself was wounded. And I continued to be wounded every day.

I was wounded by other wounded people. The wounded people that were wounding me did not know that they

were wounded. They also did not know that the world is wounded. Therefore, I did not know that I was

wounded either. Therefore, I continued the process of wounding others myself including myself.

— a Father's love, Oct. 2024

Questions about society's structural progress or health are completely beside the point. They are nothing more than debates about exactly how deep we are in the water we're already drowning in.

When you look at creation, it's easy to say la-di-da, everything is beautiful. But if you're honest, the whole thing

looks like a giant screw up. A massive cluster fuck. Then God creates man in His image, and man extends the

cluster fuck by taking the serpent's bait. Deception is rampant. We are placed into a system of constant friction.

And then we get blamed for it.

— La-Di-Da Religion and the Cross, May 2026

We scramble for solutions, but our solutions are knock-offs that distance us from the real EMT rescue we need.

We try to apply airy-fairy philosophy to a bleeding artery. We are moving in circles in an existential,

waiting-for-Godot hell.

I needed a spiritual EMT. I needed an ambulance. I needed to be rushed to the nearest spiritual emergency

room. But in order for that to happen, I needed to have a crisis. I needed something so overwhelming, so

crushing that I had no choice but to recognize that the spirituality and the life strategies that I was using were

totally incapable of addressing my situation. I needed to be completely crushed. And God made sure that I got

what I needed — like a good Father.

— a Father's love, Oct. 2024

The fall of man is the most encouraging part of the whole scripture — because it is the only narration

that tracks with our experience. It validates the cluster fuck. It reflects it back. It says: yes, you are

right. This is what is actually happening.

We have a dead man on a tree. That is the event.

II

THE MYTH OF THE FUNCTIONAL BASELINE

There is a violent philosophical choice being made in contemporary culture and in most churches. Call it Baseline A versus Baseline B.

BASELINE A (The Meritocracy Lie):

Normal = two and a half kids, suburban savings, a clean tech job, functional performance.

Suffering = a bizarre

deviation that indicates a lack of hustle or virtue. The move = Nietzschean. It ignores the severely broken to

focus on the performance of the Overman.

BASELINE B (The Gospel Truth):

Normal = crucifixion. The human condition is set to rot, misery, and uncertainty. Suffering = the place where

reality makes direct contact with the permanent Kingdom of God. The move = sacramental realism. Wounds

binding directly to wounds.

The system produces losers, moralizes their losing, and then calls the outcome fair. It manufactures shame out

of raw circumstance. It tells the disabled, the economically hollowed-out, and the emotionally damaged that

their exclusion is earned.

If your theology treats the comfortable as the baseline and the crucified as edge cases, you are running a software patch on a system designed by Nietzsche.

The Beatitudes flip the table: Blessed are you poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven.

The poor see reality

clearly because they don't have the luxury of expensive distractions.

— Matthew 5

I grew up ninth-generation in a New South textile town where aristocracy was built on post-war industrial

capitalism — owners building colleges for their daughters while twelve-year-old mill hands worked barefoot.

When the mills closed in the 1990s, the elite kept performing the rituals of inherited pedigree, play-acting a

functional baseline that had lost its material reality. It is an obscene performance.

The cross is the only cure.

III

WHAT THE CROSS ACTUALLY IS

Not an idea. Not a transaction. Not a theology quiz.

God's taking on human flesh, and having the shit kicked out of him verbally, experientially, physically,

socioeconomically, religiously, economically — basically getting the shit kicked out of him every potential way,

every possible way that one could be. Born in a stable, living in a backwater town, Christ absorbed it all in his

life and in his death, including the shame and the torture and the condemnation by the religious authorities and

the powers of the state and the abandonment of his friends.

— My God's love for me won't back down, Dec. 2024

Joy and pain are comingled at the root of our reality. There is always a fly in the ointment. Always an interruption. Always something that doesn't go according to plan. This is most fully revealed on the cross where the worst possible evil reveals the best possible good.

I find myself dulled to the horror of the Crucifixion, so I think about an electric chair or a lynching tree as an

analogy — or think about the scourging at the pillar. But this is so much worse. It feels like a sledgehammer to the sternum.

— note to a friend, Apr. 2025

Only love is stronger than death. And that is most clearly seen on a crucifix. God didn't retaliate against us. He

did the opposite. And the only way to get out of the hell of life in this world is to do the same.

— Only love is stronger than the death penalty, May 2024

We have a dead man on a tree. That is the event. It is not an idea. Grab the life ring or keep drowning.

Only love is stronger than death.

IV

SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE

Born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried.

That is the entire description of Christ's earthly life in the Apostles' Creed. The writers left out

nothing. They encapsulated the climax of his life — which is the penultimate expression of who he is, what he taught.

I believe that the entirety of our life can also be described by the same phrase. We suffered under Pontius

Pilate. We were crucified, died, and were buried.

— Suffered Under Pontius Pilate, May 2026

Pontius Pilate is not just a guy in a toga. He is the perennial symbol of the world's crooked, deceptive, and

exploitative systems. He is the HR leader trashing laid-off employees, the private equity fund turning

healthcare into an optimization grid, the political machine manipulating tribal anxiety. He is unjust laws, unjust

economic conditions, prejudice, discrimination, racism, systemic evil — the powers and principalities the New

Testament describes.

Even Jesus suffered under systemic evil. It was so bad that even Pontius Pilate himself said Jesus didn't deserve to be crucified — and yet he was.

Christ said a student is not above his teacher. So we should expect to be suffering under Pontius Pilate. We

should expect to be crucified, to die and to be buried. And I get more nervous if bad things aren't happening.

— Suffered Under Pontius Pilate, May 2026

But here is the thing: Christ has already struck the death blow to those principalities and powers. He

has crashed into our contingent reality like the jaws of life, prying open the death chamber we exist in.

His kingdom is available. The question is whether we are going to align ourselves with it.

Grab the life ring or keep drowning.

V

THE JAWS OF LIFE VS. THE HASHTAG LOOP

Humanity is locked in a frantic, self-referential simulation.
We are caught in a loop: #hashtag, #posthashtag, #hashtag, #posthashtag. We declare ourselves post-modern
or post-truth, using the very mechanics of the trap to celebrate our imaginary escape. We bicker over
theological parsing, running an endless game of Orthodoxy Bingo while our souls starve to death. We analyze
the menu instead of eating the meal.
Our heavenly Father left the comfy cozy serene blissful heaven and became the jaws of life to cut open and
expose the lies and demonic forces that trap his children — and to defeat them — even though He was
tortured and killed in the process.
— note to seekers: the jaws of life, Sept. 2024
Christianity is not a consumer choice or a self-help strategy. It is a rescue mission. God left his serene heaven
and became the jaws of life to cut open and expose the demonic lies that trap his children. Jesus didn't give us
a philosophy; He crashed into the mundane, bloody, dirty, annoying, shit-happens world and looked reality
straight in the eye without flinching. And he outwitted it and defeated it.
Jesus' Lordship IS Reality. It does not need to be 'enforced' or 'promoted' any more than gravity needs to be enforced or promoted. What we need is for it to be revealed — as Jesus did on his throne, a.k.a. the cross.
The Eucharist is absolute physical necessity — existential food to prevent starvation in the no-exit hell of
modernity. Baptism is being drowned in Christ's violent vortex of humility and raised. The minute you try to
explain these mysteries away into clean legal transactions, you scan them through the grocery belt of your own
mind and hashtag yourself right back into existential misery.

The baseline is Friday.

VI

SHAME, THE CROSS, AND WHAT GETS CRUCIFIED WITH HIM

We are all drowning in shame. The cross is the only cure.

I can attach myself — my shame-filled self — to Christ, to the bloody tortured naked Christ. My shame will be crucified along with Christ, and I will be existentially resurrected, healed, and free to serve.

— Dec. 2024

Life is going to crucify me every day. Am I going to recognize it? In the moment? In reflection? In conversation with a trusted person?

— a reflection, Sept. 2024

I am co-crucified with Christ every goddamn moment of the day. My body is crucified with his. My heart is slain with his. The spirit has been thrust into my side. And I'm here with him and he is life. He is the Logos incarnate. And I've got that. I can get outside of clock time.

I've got the goddamn battle scars to prove it.

— Jesus NC-17, July 2025

Fear and shame have been a part of the human condition from the get-go. Then the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked... I was afraid, because I was naked, so I hid. Genesis. That is still the news. The cross is the only thing that touches it.

VII

IDENTITY IS RECEIVED, NOT ACHIEVED

By all worldly metrics, the ministry of Jesus Christ was an abject, humiliating failure. He was abandoned by his friends, mocked by the crowds, and executed naked. Yet it was this precise suffering that made his identity concrete.

We live in a culture obsessed with optimization, resumes, and personal branding. Well-meaning AI models will tell you that your new job is restoring your felt identity. That is a lie from the pit. Your identity is not what the market says it is. You do not need the world's trophies to have lived a good life.

— Failure and Identity, June 2026

Any failure of ours is not evidence of our negligence or our lack of virtue or lack of hustle — but it is evidence that we are following the way of Christ, which rubs up against the way of the world. There's friction there.

Who we are becomes how we followed Christ in our suffering and in our death, which is the summation of our life. That cannot be erased, even if it's forgotten by man. It's not forgotten by God.

Your identity is received in the mud, lived out through the grind, and anchored in the psychotic, over-the-top, ridiculous love of a Father who runs down the road to kiss his ruined children. It cannot be erased by an employer, it cannot be quantified by a credit score, and it is never forgotten by God.

VIII

DON'T MAKE IT WORSE: THE SOLACE OF THE MUTE GOD

There is a distinct, agonizing category of human suffering: the unsolvable problem. It is the Rubik's Cube that changes colors while you are trying to solve it. It is the reality of an obese forty-eight-year-old father facing a lifetime of changing diapers on a ten-year-old special needs child with Angelman syndrome who cannot walk or talk. It is a system of structural evil where any action you take simply multiplies the harm.

When you are on that ash-heap, the absolute worst thing you can encounter is a tidy paragraph of explanation.

If God came down and gave us a verbal lecture trying to justify why a child is abused or why a father commits suicide, that explanation would be inherently wicked, violent, and enabling. A neat definition of evil is worse than the evil itself.

So God did not give us a dictionary. He didn't play a theological parlor game. He gave us a dead man on a tree. A God who entered the trenches to become completely mute in death.

I felt compelled to share a few words about a prayer session I just had. I was praying the Rosary. And I said,

Lord, that's where I am. I'm in hell. Nice to see you. Nice to have you here with me. But it didn't change anything. I was still miserable. But Christ was here with me in hell.

— Prayers from Hell, May 2026

I didn't get an answer. No answers. I didn't expect an answer. I just kind of wanted to go on record with the Lord that hey, my life sucks, I can't stand it. I'm doing the best I can. But as I started burrowing down into that treasure of Christ's love, just a little bit — I got recalibration. A new direction. A confirmation of what my next steps are.

— Prayers from Hell, May 2026

When Christ cried out, My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? He validated the absolute blackness of the pit. When you hit the concrete wall of an unsolvable crisis: drop the problem-solving framework. Stop begging for a roadmap. Unload your bitter accusations, your profanity, and your grief onto Him. He is a Father. He can absorb it.

IX

GRAB THE LIFE RING

My hope is in the Lord's resurrection. My reason for hope is not in my experience, because my experience is one crucifixion after another — and I've found that Christ has walked with me through those crucifixions, and he has delivered me. It's only on his Word, and only on his life, that I can trust that he has achieved victory.

— Why Easter Is Not a Tragedy, May 2025

I believe in Christianity because I believe in the God who has confronted me and encountered me, and I don't have the luxury of walking away from that.

— Why Easter Is Not a Tragedy, May 2025

My brain cannot imagine any type of existence that is not inherently flawed. But in my heart there's hope.

Dammit. But in my heart there is hope.

— rough day, Nov. 2024

Embrace the absurdity, embrace the contradictions, embrace the crucifixion, and then just wait. And if there is a resurrection, great, but don't cling to it. If God wants to resurrect me, let Him resurrect me.

Christ's promises are a hell of a lot better than the world's promises.

— just sayin', Dec. 2025

It's not a transactional 'if you do what I say, I'll give you all this great stuff.' I don't think that's what's going on.

We are loved by freaking God. God. Doesn't get any higher than that. In fact, he makes himself as low as possible from his height to show us how much he loves us.

— just sayin', Dec. 2025

The baseline is Friday. We are still suffering under Pontius Pilate. We are still being ripped apart by the static of this world. But the permanent reality has already broken into the timeline. The battle scars are real, the internal freedom is total, and the life ring is floating right next to your hand.

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This theology doesn't need a podium, an executive MBA curriculum, or an automated email subscription sequence.

If you are looking for an upbeat, happy-clappy conclusion with a call-to-action button, you are going to be

deeply disappointed. There are no affiliate codes here.

The gospel is not relevant to me. I am relevant to the gospel.

There is nothing I can conceive of that could be heaven. But I do take it on Jesus' word that it is something I

should desire. All I can do is draw close to Christ in the cross and take it on his word that whatever he is going

to reveal to me is a good thing. In my experience, Christ's rescue mission to the human condition is the only

way to be sane in this world.

— Where We Do Not Want to Go, May 2026

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Boyd Camak allegedly writes with raw honesty and theological depth—underground testimony, satire and faith from the margins. No branding. No easy answers. Just a hard-won vision of freedom in Christ. Decide for yourself.



FREE WORKS

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Pain & Fear — A Demanifesto (releases 1.1-3.0) — raw confrontation with weakness, pain, and dependence on the Crucified Christ.

Vendor Verbal Vomit 1.1 (2026).

The Cross and the Human Condition: An Archive of Reflections (2023-2026).

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Burned by Grace (eBook)

An intimate, satirical, and theologically rich underground testimony of faith on the margins—rejecting religious branding and easy answers in favor of hard-won freedom in Christ.



TOOLS

Small, self-published, lo-fi rebellion. From punk basements to kitchen tables.



ROOTS

Inspired by *Death to the World*== created in 1994 by monks and nuns from St Herman of Alaska Monastery.

Originally rejected when they tried to place an ad in a punk magazine ("we only run ads for music and zines"), they decided to make their own

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